

## THE RAINMAKING CEREMONY

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this way. Tradition tells how they rubbed flower perfume on their <sup>796<sup>x</sup></sup> hands and carried tiny sacks of the fungus known as "earth flow-<sup>535</sup>ers" that are supposed to be magically attractive to deer and to <sup>[232]</sup> women. At the end of the line of adults walked the children. The two ends of the curved line almost joined, and there might be a hundred people dancing.

Each song was sung four times or a multiple of four, and a fa-<sup>796<sup>x</sup></sup>vorite song might be repeated sixteen or even thirty-two times. The <sup>533</sup> words were in the nature of compulsive magic, describing the com-<sup>[789]</sup>ing of the clouds and rain over the local landscape. If any other locality was mentioned as attracting the rain, visitors from there were expected to make a gift in return for the blessing called down. A chance visitor who had no other gift with him would offer some of his clothes—in recent days, his cowboy hat.

The liquor songs <sup>\*</sup> may once have been arranged in cycles, though there is little trace of such arrangement now except that certain songs must always be used at the beginning, certain others at the end. Different songs are used for this purpose in the various localities, suggesting that if there were cycles, each locality must have had its own. The initial songs describe the gathering of the people, the final songs, the coming of dawn. Between them come the favorite songs of the village, either traditional or composed by its own people. A man may "dream" a liquor song at any time, either while about his daily occupations or during a retreat for purification. One of the rituals for the salt pilgrimage describes the songs which came to the neophyte in those ceremonies.

The powers I had won, beneath my bed I placed.  
I lay upon them and lay down to sleep.  
Then, in a little time, mysteriously there came to me  
Beautiful drunken songs,  
Beautiful songs for the circling [rainmaking] dance.

[539]<sup>x</sup>

Any man who had dreamed a song might submit it to the elders, and if they approved they would include it in the program. One such "original" song is included in the list; to show how little originality was considered necessary for this sort of composition.

\* For Pima songs for this dance see Russell, *op. cit.*, pp. 292, 293, "circling songs."

224 food nor water. They were sure of getting meat of some kind. They  
 [212] would drink the blood, and, in any case, they prided themselves  
 on being *skutsk* (able to endure thirst). Those who would don the  
 disguise wore sleeveless shirts of deerskin whitened in front to  
 imitate the deer's belly, black behind, like his back. They carried  
 white clay with which at the last minute they would dapple their  
 brown legs and arms. At the same time, they would assume the  
 disguise and then emerge from behind some shelter to walk toward  
 the deer on all fours.

As men gathered at the rendezvous, they moved quietly and  
 spoke in low tones so as not to offend the deer. Some even main-  
 tained complete silence. If anyone felt that he or his weapons had  
 been exposed to contact with a menstruating woman, the shaman  
 performed some part of the ceremony for driving away evil, to  
 be described later. This applied only to fathers or brothers who  
 had run the risk unconsciously. The husband of a menstruant or  
 a pregnant woman was required to stay at home, on pain of being  
 wounded in the hunt or causing illness to his child.

224 Those who had hunting fetishes, exposed them. Such a fetish  
 189 was usually a "blue stone" or a "white stone" whose whereabouts  
 had been suggested by an animal visitant in a vision. Those who  
 had had no vision sometimes owned a less reputable form of magic,  
 though they would not confess it. This came from the lichen called  
 "earth flowers," which grew on rocks in inaccessible places. Men  
 climbed to get it, and, after asking its permission, rubbed off a little  
 ● [232] with a rock and wore it in the folds of the breech clout. It attracted  
 both deer and women, and its odor on a man's sweaty hands in  
 the drinking dance would bring any woman to him, they said.  
 But it was dangerous, and a man who used it too long would ulti-  
 mately sicken and die. No man ever admitted possessing it, and the  
 few whom the writer knew to be suspected of owning it were re-  
 garded with fear.<sup>2</sup>

Such private magic was always subsidiary to the singing of songs  
 to summon the deer. For this the men arranged themselves in a

<sup>2</sup> The writer finally obtained a small amount of earth flowers in a buckskin bag,  
 but it was too dry and powdered for identification. It may be the same growth which  
 she scraped off a rock in Mohave country and which has not yet been analyzed. The  
 Mohave shaman who lent his pocket knife for the process (while turning his back)  
 professed to be ill for some days afterward.

799] plumes strung over the dance ground at the rainmaking ceremony.

The husband of one informant could "spit on a stick, twist it, and wring out water." (26) Such a man was known as *siwanyi*, which means rain magician, rather than mere medicine man. It is the term applied to the rulers of the greathouses and also to the leader of the salt pilgrimage, who brings rain from the ocean.

756 War shamans were meeters of the owl in whose body the souls of the dead could become incarnated. Such a shaman accompanied a war party and spoke with the spirits of Papago warriors dead in the enemy country, who acted as spies on the Apache movements. Less often, he communicated with the peaceful dead at home. Miss Densmore<sup>2</sup> quotes some songs by an "owl woman" who held such communication in recent times. Other shamans acquired special powers for bringing luck in games and casting spells on the opponents. Before a kickball race, two who were so gifted rolled the ball back and forth between them, singing to insure power to their side. When the shirts, baskets, and hides wagered by the rival villages were piled up, each hoard was guarded by a shaman. During the wait before the race, these champions sometimes gave proof of their powers by swallowing swordlike sticks, eating fire, walking on hot embers, and causing objects to disappear. No harm came to the shaman who was worsted in the contest, but the poverty of his powers, thus revealed, took the strength from his village and made it almost certain to lose in the contest.

756 Shamans owned love magic. A "mushroom," which corresponds  
 ● 832 to the Huichol description of peyote, was a strong love charm. A  
 [824] man stalked it like a deer, and shot it with an arrow before it had time to disappear into the ground. He must then give it to a shaman for magic treatment before he could carry it as a love charm. One informant reported of a shaman: "He had four wives. By the time he took the fourth, he was a very old man, but as a shaman he could 'do something' to make her love him." Four, it may be  
 [595] mentioned, was the traditional number of the shaman's wives, while the average man rarely got beyond two. The standard taunt to one who could afford more was: "Well, have you become a shaman?"

<sup>2</sup> Densmore, pp. 114-34.

836 this way of life but simply gave up and allowed her to have her way. If she had children, they would take care of them, since no stigma attached to a fatherless child. The only penalty was that they could not find her a husband, because she was not industrious. But when she was ready to settle down, she frequently found one for herself.

The mother of one informant is reported to have been such a woman. She had wandered to the Altar valley, where she met the young chief (American appointed) of a desert village. "Will you take me to your home?" she proposed. "Would you pick cactus fruit for me, grind my corn and fetch my water?" "Yes. I will pick cactus, grind corn and fetch water." She settled down and spent her life as an industrious wife.

Such incidents were not infrequent. In taking family histories, I several times heard the statement, "He married a light woman", without any other comment than a smile. "The light woman can't help it," informants explain. "Her heart bubbles over" (20). "When you talk to her, she doesn't know what you say. Her heart is outside her, running ahead, to the next dance" (31). Some of the most poetic of Papago songs deal with "the wandering heart" of the light woman.

836 Men who were flirtatious and had many sex affairs were also  
 • 832 alluded to as playful but they did not form a distinct class like the  
 753 women. Both men and women might be made ill by dreaming about  
 787 the playful people. The symptoms were dizziness and lassitude. The  
 cure was to make clay dolls in the form of man and woman and to  
 have someone sing the girl's puberty songs. Lovesick visions were  
 a common ailment and were attributed to several causes. An  
 [824] unidentified root, called *teinaca't*,<sup>1</sup> was used by men to attract  
 both deer and girls. This root could assume the form of a man,  
 enter a woman's house and cohabit with her after which she would  
 [778] pine. Also the scalps or the Apache effigy in an Enemy Slayer's  
 basket could take the form of a handsome man, and torment  
 women with yearning.

831 If anyone, man or woman, thought too much of a person of the  
 825 opposite sex, even though that person were a spouse, a snake would  
 come and cohabit with the dreamer in the place of the loved one.  
 Many tales are told of people who supposed themselves happily  
 married, while others knew that they were going daily to the arroyo  
 to lie with a snake. The same fate will overtake one who is not yet  
 married, and who thinks too much about love. Young people who  
 look dreamy are reprimanded: "What are you mooning about?  
 You must be married to a snake."

<sup>1</sup> cf. Zuni *tenatsali*.

<sup>x159</sup><sub>321</sub> dark but there are white lines in the east. Those are the white hairs of Elder Brother who made us. He put them there so we can know when day is coming and we can go out to look for food.

<sup>x159</sup><sub>342</sub> We crawled out the little door. I remember that door so well. I always crawled out of doors till long after I was a married woman and we stopped being afraid of enemies. Then we made houses with white men's doors. But this one was little and when we came out we could see the houses of my relatives nearby among the cactus, and the girls coming out of them, too, to get water.

<sup>x159</sup><sub>291</sub> Those girls had nothing on above the waist. We did not wear clothes then. They had strips of hand woven cloth in front and behind, tied around their waists with a string, for we did not know how to sew them together.

[439] Only deerskins the men knew how to sew, but our people had traded this cloth from Mexico and we thought we were very fine. And with good red paint above the waist, it was fine. And warm too. But the girls did not put on their paint in the early cold morning. Then they had to work.

<sup>x159</sup><sub>312</sub> There was no water at Mesquite Root; no water at all except what fell from the clouds, and I am telling about the month of Pleasant Cold when the rains were long over. Then our pond had dried up. If we wanted to stay in our houses, the girls had to run for water far, far up the hills and across the flat land to a place called Where the Water Whirls Around. That was a low flat place, a good place for corn, and the water ran down to it from all the hills. A big water hole was there full of red mud. Oh yes, our [24] water was always red. It made the corn gruel red. I liked that earth taste in my food. Yes, I liked it.

<sup>x159</sup><sub>482</sub>  
<sub>286</sub> The girls used to crawl laughing out of the houses, with their long black hair hanging to their waists, and they would pick up their carrying nets. Fine nets we used to have in those days, all dyed with red and blue. Shaped like a cone they were, with tall red sticks to keep them in shape. When [832] the net was on a girl's back those red sticks would stand up on either side of her face. We used to think a pretty young girl looked best that way. That was how the men liked to see her.

<sup>x159</sup><sub>850</sub>  
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<sub>[609]</sub> I was too little to have a net than, or even clothes. But I used to help my cousins put the jars in their nets and to put little sticks between them so they would not break. The boys would stand laughing around and if there was one who was not a relative the girls would joke with him. They would throw gravel at him and run away, and once a girl said to one of my cousins: "Give me that male thing you have and I will put it between my water jars instead of a stick." So we called that man Between-the-Jars. Yes, that is how we joked in the old days.

So he talked to them, and then they spoke of whether they would widen the ditches and if the boys were practising well for the races, and maybe a man from some other village was there to tell them the news. There was not a man among us who would miss that meeting. 159<sup>x</sup>  
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We women sat in the dark, under the shelter, and told about the strange things we had heard. We told how there is a root which men carry to make the deer come to them and it makes women come, too. It smells strong and sweet, and you can smell it on the sweaty hands of a man beside you in the dance. If it is very strong and has been used in many love matches, sometimes it turns into a man. It walks up beside a woman while she is sleeping and makes her dream. 159<sup>x</sup>  
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We told how, in our village, a girl was struck by lightning. Someone must have been menstruating and not have confessed it, said the medicine man. So he called all the girls, took out his crystals and looked at them. "It was the girl herself," he said. "She has killed herself." 159<sup>x</sup>  
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We told how, when a woman does not seem to care for any man or a man for any woman, that person is really married to a snake. There was a man in our village who used to go out alone into the desert and disappear in a wash. His parents followed him and found there a little red snake with her baby snakes on her back. They said to their son: "What! have you a family of snakes?" He said: "No, she is a beautiful woman." That is how snakes fool you. The older women used to tell us, too, that if we thought too much about any boy before we were married, that boy would seem to come and make love to us. But it would not be he, it would only be a snake. So girls must not think too much about boys. That was what the old women told us. We must not think about boys and we must not talk to boys. When we were married it would be time enough to speak to a man. Now it was better to work and be industrious. 159<sup>x</sup>  
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So I worked. But I used to think while I was sitting under the shelter with my basketry, about whether I would get a good man and whether I would like being married. I used to hear a good deal about married peoples' troubles, because my father was chief in Mesquite Root. Married people who had quarrels brought their troubles to him. There was a post in front of our house where people were beaten who did wrong, and all the village would come to see and talk about what happened. 169<sup>x</sup>  
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Once I remember how a wife came, very angry. She had walked a long way to tell about her husband. "He beats me," she said to my father. "You who are One Made Big Over Us, he beats me! But I love him." My father used to smile at things like that. He was a warrior and a gambler. He did not care about beating women. But he always settled things for them. So 159<sup>x</sup>  
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<sup>157</sup><sub>584</sub> he sent for the husband. "Do you beat her?" "Yes," said the man. He was a young man. I remember how he looked at the woman, his wife, while he stood there. "Yes, I beat her. But I want her with me. I'm jealous. I beat her because I think she looks at other men." "I don't look at other men," said the woman crying. So her husband said very quickly: "Oh, I want her back. It's all right." "Will you stop beating her?" "Yes, yes." The woman said: "But he has beaten me already. Many times and for nothing. Let him pay me." "How?" "With his body," said the woman. "Let him be beaten as I was beaten." My father thought about that and he said: "All right. How many stripes?" "Fifty." "You want to kill him," said my father. "I'll make it twenty." So the man knelt down and took off his shirt. The chief did not beat wrong doers himself. He had a messenger who was called the Chief's Leg. That Leg was a man who meant much to me later on. He took the rawhide whip to beat the man, but he did not raise too many welts. Men are sorry for each other.

Another time a father came with his daughter. "This girl will not lie with the man to whom I gave her." My father looked at the new husband who had come, too, and he thought he seemed a good man. "Is it true?" my father said to the girl. "Don't you want this man?" "Yes, it's true I'm afraid." "Well, we'll beat you. Then you can decide." So they tied her hands and the girl whimpered: "I'll take him." "Take her, by the hand," my father told the husband, "and lead her home. If she misbehaves, come back."

<sup>159</sup><sub>585</sub> I thought about that girl sometimes and I thought I would have been afraid, too. Then I asked my mother, though I did not tell her how I was feeling. My mother said: "It's right to be afraid of men. All good girls are."

<sup>159</sup><sub>586</sub> We girls never saw men except our brothers. And our brothers kept away from us now we were almost maidens. They said that sometime we might become maidens suddenly and then if they touched anything that we had touched, it would take away their strength. So the boys did not play with us any more.

<sup>159</sup><sub>587</sub> But I used to think about boys when I was—let me see, we do not count our ages—thirteen. Sometimes I thought I heard flutes at night. I do not know if it was really boys playing them or if I only dreamed it. But the music drove me wild. The flute is what our boys play when they want a woman to come to them and I wanted to go.

<sup>159</sup><sub>588</sub> But my father said to me: "Never talk to a man alone. If one comes to the house when there is no one there but you, then offer him food. If he is a relative, say: 'Wait till I cook you something.' Even if he is a stranger, say: 'You had better eat.' But do not talk while you feed him. And if you have nothing in the house tell him quickly so he will go away and not wait, expecting."

x 159 My father was a gambler, too. He used to go all over our country playing  
525 against the men. Beads and necklaces he used to bring me back from  
576 the River People. And sometimes he took all the family with him when  
there were races between the villages and all our young men ran. But he  
would not let me run at those races nor bet on them.

"Wait till you are married," he said. "When you have a husband he  
will take you to the feasts. They are for married people, not for young  
girls."

x 159 He would not let me go to any feasts at all, not even to the maiden's  
576 dances, when they happened in our own village and to my own cousins.  
832 When a maiden came of age, the people sometimes danced every night until  
834 the moon got back to where it was when they began. The men and women  
danced with their arms over each other's shoulders. We wore nothing on  
our bodies above the waist then. The young men liked that. It is said that  
some young girls did not come home at night. It is said that some babies  
were dropped in the arroyo and no one knew.

x 159 They told me that there were women who went alone to those dances,  
832 the wild women, who did not work and who went about painted every day.  
836 Corn ears they painted on their breasts and birds and butterflies, each  
breast different for the men to see. And a woman's breast, in that dance,  
comes just where a man's hand can reach it.

x 159 I began to dream of those wild women. They can haunt you just as the  
152 Prisoners do. They make men and women crazy, sometimes so that they  
158 run out and die. Then you must make little clay dolls, a man and a woman,  
and have the medicine man sing over them to quiet the sick person. I was  
not bad enough for that, but sometimes, when I sat alone at my basketry,  
it would seem to me that I saw a boy and a girl making love and it made  
me wild.

x 159 And I dreamed strange things. Once my mother sent me after water  
158 and I was all alone; the other girls had gone earlier in the day. I had to  
cross a dry wash. As I came up to it, there I saw a snake three times as  
thick as a man. That wash was full of caves, and the snake's head was in  
one of them, his tail in another, with his body stretched all across the wash.  
When I tried to cross it, he would hit me on the legs. I ran home without  
the water and my father was angry. My mother came with me to see what  
was the matter and there was no snake there.

And I kept hearing flutes; flutes in the morning and evening. Such  
lovely music that I would stand still in the house to listen. I thought my  
crystals were growing again.

## QUALITIES OF BARBAROUS MAN

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302 The men frequently have slight moustaches. At  
[142] present the men all have their hair cut short, but a lux-  
• [832] uriant growth was formerly considered a standard of  
[824] beauty. It was occasionally washed with an infusion  
[75] from the roots of a vine called *ádofi*. Sometimes these  
natives would plaster the head with clay, to kill para-  
sites and ensure a better growth of hair. The women  
still take great care of this ornament to their persons and  
are often seen brushing it with brushes made from the  
roots of sacaton grass. With the children, it is cut so  
that it may grow strong, and the cut hair is twisted into  
a cord which is used in tying together parts of the bur-  
den basket as well as in the tying of the saddle-bag.  
Formerly the custom was to leave the children's hair  
long on top of the head, back of the neck, and in front  
[144] of each ear. I saw a left-handed man and a left-handed  
woman in the tribe. If it be permissible to draw any  
[513] general conclusions from the sound sleep of my com-  
panion, Pablo, these natives sleep unusually soundly.  
One morning, while he was with me, he woke up several  
yards below his bedding, having rolled down a declivity  
[264] during the night in his sleep. The Papago avoid eating  
food hot from the fire.

157 They possess much force and stability of character,  
are quick of perception, loyal to the white man that  
they like, and if in danger do not cry for help. Under  
her natural bashfulness the woman hides sterling quali-  
ties of efficiency in household work, constancy, and faith-  
ful adherence to duty. These Indians are industrious  
and have a remarkably even temper; thirty children